

THE NATION

MAY 2, 1959 . . 25c

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PRISON RIOTS

A Struggle for Power

by Gresham M. Sykes

THE SQUEEZE ON CASTRO

by Carleton Beals

LETTERS

Sparse Timber

Dear Sirs: I would simply like to remind Frederic W. Collins, author of "Timber!—Presidential," (issue April 4), that due to our human frailties, he will always be able to find idiosyncrasies in a man nominated for President. It is also necessary for someone to answer the call of duty. Imagine our embarrassment if we had no candidate at all!

It seems at present that the American voter has a minimum of rejoicing to do. For him there is not one worthwhile candidate in the coming Presidential election.

MARY ALF

Edgewood College of the Sacred Heart
Madison Wis.

Mr. Thompson's Error

Dear Sirs: If there is a Pulitzer Prize for purposeful humorous reporting, I nominate Wade Thompson for his account of "My Crusade Against Football" in *The Nation* of April 11. He ran a full hundred yards on a slippery field and fell flat across the goal line.

But he is somewhat in error when he intimates that Louisiana might demand horse racing or prostitution. To demand either would be superfluous.

MORRISON SHARP

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Wade Thompson's "My Crusade Against Football" in your April 11 issue is excellent, and Dr. Albert Owers' letter on Mark Twain in the same issue is the most honest analysis of anything I've seen in some time—and written with a Gallic conciseness seldom come upon in English.

WILLIAM H. ARDUR

Burlington, N. C.

Were We Unfair?

Dear Sirs: The question of how much foreign crude oil and products could be brought into this country without endangering our safety has been under scrutiny for years—and been the subject of many investigations. Finally, the President formed a committee of his Cabinet to study the matter and the Cabinet, after a thorough study, reported its findings to the President who subsequently announced a voluntary program. This plan, after a year or so, was found unworkable. Once again an investigation was made and the findings reported to the President who,

after some delay, announced his mandatory quotas.

Boiled down to its essence, this is the true story of mandatory foreign oil controls. If *The Nation* ["Oil Politics," page 287, April 4] takes issue with the findings of the Cabinet—that is its privilege. If *The Nation* believes Senators Proxmire, Morse and Aiken have sources of information denied to the Cabinet—or if it believes these Senators are better qualified or more patriotic than the Cabinet—it not only has the right but the duty to enlighten us further. But to leave the impression with your readers that the President or his advisers (the Cabinet) issued the mandatory oil-control order to bribe (or as you put it: "On its face, this would seem to be a high price for the Administration to pay for the continued helpful support of Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson. But it is possible that the price might have been higher if the President had not signed the order.") the Speaker of the House and Majority Leader of the Senate, makes me wonder what you learned from your illustrious predecessors on *The Nation*.

NELVILLE G. PENROSE

Fort Worth, Tex.

Saving Shelf Space

Dear Sirs: I note an occasional letter in this column indicating a reader's desire to dispose of a file of past *Nation* issues. I have solved the problem by not collecting a file—I pass my copy of *The Nation* along to friends as soon as I have finished with it. I find that young people particularly are hungry for liberal interpretations of the news.

BEN OKSHEA

Detroit, Mich.

Labor in Hawaii's Hospitals

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed your article in the March 14 issue, "Victims of Charity," on the organization of employees of non-profit hospitals in New York City.

Here in Hawaii, all the major non-profit hospitals are unionized. Our union has contracts with seven private hospitals. Workers are protected by Hawaii's "Little Wagner Act"—the Hawaii Employment Relations Act—and are covered on the same basis as other workers by unemployment compensation, workmen's compensation and minimum-wage laws.

Even with a strong and active union in these hospitals, we find it difficult to negotiate wages and working conditions which compare with contracts in other fields. Knowing how difficult the situation in hospitals can be, we wish

the best of luck to New York's workers in their efforts to organize the non-profit hospitals.

In many ways, labor in Hawaii is just catching up with the rest of the nation. In this field, at least, Hawaii seems to lead.

HENRY B. EPSTEIN,
Territorial Director,
United Public Workers

Honolulu, Hawaii

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

397 •

ARTICLES

- 399 • Prison Riots: A Struggle for Power
by GRESHAM M. SYKES
- 402 • The Squeeze on Castro
by CARLETON BEALS
- 404 • De Gaulle: The First Year
by ALEXANDER WERTH
- 406 • Little Orphan Baseball
by ROBERT COULSON
- 407 • Medal Without Honor
by JAMES AVERY JOYCE

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- 409 • The Horse's Meat
by JEAN MARTIN
- 410 • Eucalyptus Dance (poem)
by LAURENCE LIEBERMAN
- 411 • Up to the Slums
by JOHN V. MURRA
- 412 • Adventurer in Morality
by ROBERT M. ADAMS
- 413 • Courtroom Horror
by AMOS S. BASEL
- 414 • Objective Faith
by ROBERT HATCH
- 415 • Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE
- 416 • Art
by MAURICE GROSSER
- 416 • Poem in Honor of Poets
by GEORGE CUOMO

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 416)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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EDITORIALS

Conspiracy of Silence

Thanks to Walter Schneir in last week's *Nation*, the "secret" Kulp report on the increasing absorption of strontium-90 in children's bones is now in the public domain. Two days after the appearance of this magazine on newsstands last week, the story was headlined in newspapers in New York and elsewhere; Senator Clinton P. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy was denouncing the AEC for its handling of the report, and newsmen were laying siege to members of the commission, demanding to know why the report had been treated as if it were of insufficient importance to release to the public.

In what looked to *The Nation's* editors—and to the editors of other publications as well — as a move in defense of the AEC, the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements, an unofficial group of scientists who act as advisers to the AEC and the Public Health Service, called a special news conference in Washington apparently designed to reassure the public about strontium-90 absorption. (At this conference the preface and conclusions of a handbook, scheduled for June publication, were handed out to reporters; asked whether this advanced press-release technique was not "unusual," a spokesman for the committee admitted that it was. "We have been under unusual pressures," he said.)

We are glad that *The Nation*, which on April 4 printed an article by Senator Anderson on what the public ought to know about the atomic-energy program, has been instrumental in bringing out vital facts which the American people had been prevented from knowing. But our warm regard for Mr. Schneir's work, and our

feeling of satisfaction in the role we have played, are secondary to the main issue: the unconscionable manner in which the AEC's conspiracy of silence, begun under Chairman Strauss, is continuing under Chairman McCone. This conspiracy has got to be smashed, once and for all, by an aroused public and press.

The Downgrading of Strontium-90

Now to what the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements actually had to say at its sudden press conference in Washington. This was, in essence, that the MPC ("maximum permissible concentration") of strontium-90 could be raised 25 per cent above its present level for milk, and as much as 100 per cent for the human body, before an "unacceptable" hazard arises. But before the dancing in the streets commences, it would be well to assess the meaning and limitations of all such studies and evaluations.

To begin with, although the committee's report presents figures — e.g., the maximum allowable level for workers in atomic plants is 2.0 microcuries of strontium-90 — this is not quoted as a "safe" level, nor is an inevitable hazard incurred if it should be exceeded in a particular case. It is just a working average in the light of currently available data. This becomes obvious on further examination of the data. The maximum for populations around atomic facilities is fixed at one-tenth that permitted atomic workers. Why just 10 per cent? If the 10 per cent level is right for the general population, it is high for atomic workers, and vice versa. Similarly, when we are told that the limits for young children are fixed at 1 per cent of the permissible levels for adults, couldn't one argue for 0.5 per cent, or 0.25 per cent? The experts do not deny that there might still

be some damage at 1 per cent; all they say is that the hazard at that level is "acceptable." Acceptable to whom? Parents might well prefer a lower figure for a particular child — their own. Whatever the committee is saying, it is certain that if nuclear testing is resumed and expanded, any given standard will be exceeded and unacceptable damage will result. To soothe headline readers with such captions as "Estimate Lower Strontium Peril" is bad science and bad ethics.

How Much Power Has Labor?

The adoption of Senator John L. McClellan's "bill of rights" amendment to the Kennedy-Ervin labor bill offers a timely object lesson in labor politics. Traditionally, labor has always opposed legislation designed to regulate the internal affairs of unions. Even in instances where a strong case could be made for particular legislation in terms of labor's long-range interest, the traditional attitude has prevailed. Over the years, this attitude has often irritated labor's friends, the more so as the reason for it has seldom been explained. That reason is this: in the absence of a labor party — that is, a party committed to a labor platform and directly responsible to labor — there has never been any way to safeguard even the most benign legislation against crippling or dangerous amendments offered from the floor. An older generation of labor leaders — John L. Lewis is one — learned this lesson early in their careers and have never forgotten it. But today's leaders, more concerned with public esteem than with the rank-and-file of labor, have mistakenly assessed labor's political power.

Tactically, it was a mistake for these labor leaders to have volunteered their "cooperation" to the McClellan Committee; there was never any reason to believe that a committee chaired by Senator McClellan had labor's interests at heart. But it was an even graver error to give tacit support to the Kennedy-Ervin legislation on the theory that otherwise Congress would come up with stronger measures. In the circumstances, this is just what Congress has done; nor was there any way by which the risk might have been avoided. The Democratic Party is not a labor party nor is it of one mind about labor legislation. Given the present party system, labor's power at the polls — amply demonstrated in November — could not be directly translated into equivalent power in Congress. True, 44 Democrats and only 2 Republicans voted against the McClellan amendment, but 15 Democrats joined with 32 Republicans to oppose it. If the Democratic Party were in fact a labor party, party discipline could have insured enough "no" votes to have defeated the amendment; Senator Paul Douglas would not have been absent on "official business," nor would Senator Humphrey have been campaigning in Oregon.

Now the damage has been done and it will not be easily repaired. A motion to reconsider the amendment was tabled, and it will take a two-thirds vote to set aside this motion. Nor will it be easy for labor to pinpoint responsibility for the amendment; while it was a Republican Vice President who cast the deciding vote on the second roll call, the amendment was offered by a Democratic Senator and supported by fifteen decisive Democratic votes. The vote on the McClellan amendment amply demonstrates that labor's traditional suspicion of regulatory legislation was based on a sound analysis of the present two-party system.

Again the New Nixon

"U.S. Seen Entering New Era In Its Relations With Soviet," is the heading of a column by Carroll Kilpatrick in the *Washington Post*. Simultaneously, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, William J. Stringer, chief of the *Monitor's* Washington bureau, writes on "State of the Nation: Don't Underrate Herter." The topics are different, and in some respects the stories are: Mr. Stringer, for example, is alone in making the point that Secretary Herter, though not truly one of the blue-bloods, is a gentleman and "has adopted in sufficient degree that Brahman code of rectitude and honorable dealing which distinguished the old Bostonians." But then a curious coalescence takes place. Both stories turn to Vice President Richard M. Nixon who, as we pointed out last week, has assumed the role of chief entrepreneur in foreign policy. Kilpatrick quotes Senator Fulbright's statement that it is important to "get into the habit of consulting and meeting with these people (the Soviets) whom we must do business with whether we like it or not," and ascribes this same view to Mr. Nixon. Stringer uses the same statement and likewise links it to the new statesmanship of Mr. Nixon. Kilpatrick writes of a foreign affairs "triumvirate" — Nixon, Fulbright and Herter — while Stringer suggests that this same friendly trio may move to establish more frequent exploratory contacts with Moscow than Secretary Dulles permitted. Both writers climb to truly dizzy levels of U.S.-Soviet rapprochement with the revelation that the Vice President is not, and never has been, opposed to a Khrushchev visit to the United States.

Since Mr. Nixon has made it plain that he will not push aside the Presidential scroll if it is thrust upon him, our suspicion that he scents votes in a U.S.-Soviet *détente* appears to be confirmed. To a sufficiently cynical observer, it might even appear that the conclusions of the two newsmen originated in one mind. But this is of little importance. The interesting thing is that Mr. Nixon, the friend of Secretary Herter as of ex-Secretary Dulles before him, is rapidly approaching the point where he will be indicting ex-Secretary Acheson, never his friend, for chauvinism, if not treason.

The Old Men

Suddenly, in the field of statesmanship, the yell is on the old. More in sorrow than in anger, Joseph Alsop intones, "The Old Men Go." More in anger than in sorrow, the British press complains that the United States is run by "sick old men." To the *New Statesman*, they are worse than sick: "Dead Men Leading," is the way Malcolm Muggeridge captions it, and his first sentence is, "Probably no powerful country in history has had quite so dead a government as the United States has today." Even the sensible St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* comment on Chancellor Adenauer's acceptance of the Presidency bears the headline, "As an Old Order Passes."

But does the order pass with the men? And are the middle-aged, who in statecraft pass for young, necessarily better than the old? Dangerous over-simplifications lurk in reasoning based on mere chronology. Even the organs of the same individual age at different rates, and when it comes to the mind and heart, some are old at forty while others are still young at seventy. Senator McCarthy was young, and Hitler and his entourage were young; the last restraint on Nazi villainy was removed when the octogenarian Paul von Hindenburg finally died. Field Marshal Montgomery, at seventy-one, seems to have changed some of his earlier views and is going to Moscow to further Anglo-Soviet rapprochement, if he can. He may not succeed, but one cannot say that he has fallen into despair or indifference, the chief stigmata of old age. Inexperience is not in itself a virtue. Good will and talent are at best rare in those high-level political activities where they are most desperately needed. We must take them when and

where we can find them and not, as so many commercial employers do, refuse to consider anyone over forty.

The Insatiable Service

It takes gall to run a military service nowadays, and the Air Force has its share. If sheer brass can do it, the Air Force will take over the Army and Navy and unification will be achieved at last. The Air Force has been less than generous in its evaluation of the Navy's Polaris missile, but its generals, presumably on the basis that inconsistency is the bugbear of little minds, has applied formally to the Joint Chiefs of Staff for operational control of the Polaris submarines. The Navy wants fifteen Polaris submarines in firing position around the globe at all times. If all goes well, these subs could, in the favorite term of *Newsweek*, "clobber" the key Soviet targets with 240 nuclear warheads. The Strategic Air Command naturally wants to do the clobbering.

The Air Force is ably seconded in its efforts by its suppliers, who advertise for bigger powers for the Air Force and bigger profits for themselves. One of the foremost Air Force advertising sponsors is the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. One of its advertisements — full-page, of course — shows a peaceful picture of sea and sky. "Looks harmless — could be deadly!" is the caption. Soviet submarines are lurking under the waves. What to do? "The United States Air Force and Lockheed have the solution in a fully integrated . . . EW&C (Early Warning and Control)" system which, moreover, is economical. What with the Army's Jupiter missiles, the Navy's submarines, and Lockheed turboprops for surveillance, the Air Force would seem to have everything, and what it hasn't got, it will get.

PRISON RIOTS: A Struggle for Power . . . Gresham M. Sykes

A FORTNIGHT ago, National Guardsmen had to be called in to quell desperate mutineers in Montana State Prison who had killed a deputy warden, wounded another and were holding more than a score of prison officials as hostages. A month earlier, the Massachusetts Walpole State Prison had exploded

into violence, and it took more than two hours of savage gun-fighting before seven hostages were released and six ringleaders of the mutiny captured. Last week the same six convicts, transferred to another Massachusetts prison, again led a mutiny.

Every few years our prisons flare into riot. The public reacts with concern, indignation and a morbid fascination. And then, with the spectacle over — the mutineers always lose the immediate battle, though not without taking their toll of lives — the public falls back into indifference, quite ready to forget the "prison

problem" until it is reminded once more by black headlines that violence has broken out again behind the forbidding walls of some prison.

These periodic outbursts are important, however, not simply for the immediate danger they represent, but also as symptoms of deep-seated, continuing inadequacies in our methods of handling the criminal.

There are, of course, many different kinds of prison riots. A single psychotic inmate blowing up in the mess hall, a handful of prisoners plunging into a short-lived and disorganized eruption, a limited disturbance created to cover up an es-

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May 2, 1959

399

cape attempt — all are flashes of violence which disrupt the control of the officials. But I think the most important sort of riot is the recurrent (and more or less predictable) disturbance which grows out of an attempt by the prison officials to regain power which has slipped over into the hands of their prisoners. .

Perhaps the best way to see this is to construct the natural history of a riot in a maximum-security prison, to trace the steps through which a prison moves from order to disorder. And the best place to begin is immediately after a riot has occurred. From the viewpoint of the public, a riot is over when the guards and the state police have stormed the rebellious prisoners. The officials, however, are well aware that they have not regained control of the institution until they have ferreted out the contraband weapons, repaired the smashed locks, broken up the cliques of troublemakers and firmly reinstituted their security procedures: the routines of discipline, searches, counting of prisoners, inspections of bars, windows, gratings and so on.

ALL THIS takes time—days, weeks, even months. But finally the officials reach a point where they feel they have once more securely seized the reins of power. Now an attempt is made to run a “tight” institution, to enforce the many rules which circumscribe the activities of inmates and form a dominant feature of modern prison life. It is a fatal defect of our prisons, however, that this attempt is very likely to fail, except under quite special conditions. Understaffed, harried by inadequate budgets and trying to meet not only the demands of security but also to maintain institutional housekeeping, a work program and recreational, educational and religious facilities, the officials find it almost impossible to exercise total control over their captives. The custodians must depend on some degree of uncoerced cooperation from the inmates if the institution is to keep going and fulfill its varied, frequently contradictory, tasks. The custodians are all too aware that they cannot rule by force alone; even if they were not so heavily outnumbered, they know that simple brute force cannot secure, in

the long run, efficient operation of a machine shop, a quiet and orderly mess hall or the needed performance of such chores as cleaning, cooking, barbering, stoking fires and serving as hospital orderlies — all of which must be done by prisoners.

Somehow, then, the officials must get the inmates to obey them without the constant use of a straitjacket, a “come-along” or a nightstick. After all, if *all* the inmates are put in the “hole” — that isolation wing that forms a prison within a prison — the institution is going to grind to a sudden and disconcerting halt. And it is at this point that the officials run into the second major flaw of the prison. They do not have a collection of rewards and punishments which can induce general compliance. The inmate of the prison is a man who is already being punished near the limits set by our society and the stock of legitimate penalties — the withdrawal of mailing privileges, a temporary diet of bread and water, and so on — is dangerously low. On the other hand, the reward side of the picture is hardly calculated to stir the inmate to an easy obedience. The man in prison receives little for his labor; in the federal prison system (which is one of the best) the average daily wage of the prisoner was around sixty cents in 1949; it is not much more now. The most powerful reward, perhaps, is the promise of so-called “work time” and “good time” which provides for the reduction of sentence in return

for conscientious job performance and compliance with the regulations. Yet these, like retirement benefits and other distant rewards of the free community, cannot secure a full and easy obedience here and now.

THE RESULT of all this is compromise. The officials find that they can win the cooperation they need in areas where it counts (a quiet, clean cell block, an orderly recreation yard) if certain infractions of the rules are overlooked. A little gambling, a little stealing of food, a little relaxation of the security measures which call for locking men in their cells immediately on return from work or meals — these *sub rosa* privileges and many more like them are traded, probably quite unconsciously in many cases, for a certain degree of quiet. The officials, no less than the experienced inmate, want to keep things from being “all shook up.” And thus the prison enters the next phase of its cycle: a phase of minor corruption.

Corruption, unfortunately, has its own dynamic. The weight of precedents and the demonstrated ease of administration by concession push the prison officials deeper and deeper into patterns of compromise. Furthermore, the drift toward a sort of inmate “home rule” is helped along by the fact that the guard is hard put not to become friendly toward the men he guards. Like the foreman in industry, the guard is caught in a conflict of loyalties, caught fast between his superiors in a bureaucracy



and the men he controls; and, in constant association with his prisoners — who make him the victim of their resentment over policies which he has had no part in making — he is under strong pressure to be a “good Joe.” Many details of the guard’s duties may gradually be turned over to prisoners whom he has come to trust, for *criminals* in prison are often transformed by a subtle alchemy into *men*; in the eyes of their captors, they are no longer viewed as dangerous offenders to be suppressed at any cost.

A point is sometimes reached when the inmates are, in effect, running the place. Cell and job assignments, recreational privileges, the right to move about the institution — all may be controlled to a large extent by prisoners. The situation becomes analogous to an earlier style of prison administration — in the debtors’ prisons in England — when the officials withdrew to the walls and left their captives to regulate their own affairs. Yet this phase of the prison’s cycle is highly unstable, for any number of things can destroy the *modus vivendi* achieved by guards and inmates. A disgruntled guard, annoyed by the power of inmate bigshots, may clamor for the attention of the press. A conflict within the official bureaucracy may catch the public’s eye or a campaign to reform the prison may become part of a political maneuver. In any event, some crisis is bound to upset the appletart; the officials will feel driven to regain control. And this turning point in the administration of the prison often sets the stage for the tension and discontent which ultimately grow into insurrection.

Prison riots depend heavily on the rise to leadership of the more violent, aggressive and unstable prisoners who can fuse the many dissatisfactions of prison life into an organized plan of action. And such men get a chance to move into positions of leadership when the officials start their attempt to tighten up the institution, since the elimination of *sub rosa* privileges and relaxed routines often carries in its train the elimination of inmate leaders who have been cooperating with the officials to keep things quiet. By precept, example and personal

charisma, these men have set the pattern of getting along with the custodians; in addition, they have passed along the benefits of compromise much as a ward boss dispenses patronage. When they fall out of favor, however, as the officials strive to regain a close control, they leave a vacuum of leadership and the wilder, disgruntled inmates stand ready to take their place. In a spiral of agitation, the prison moves toward disaster.

THIS VERSION of the natural history of a prison riot is much simplified and certainly does not cover all the rebellions that plague our penal system. But it is enough to point out that the prison is not always a powder keg, waiting to explode because of poor food, overcrowding, inadequate recreational facilities and so on. The problems of imprisonment go deeper than that, and they lie in the basic structural defects of the prison as a social system. The fallacies of coercion, the pathetic collection of available rewards and punishments, the strong pressures toward the compromise of the officials’ power in the form of “trades,” friendship and the transfer of duties into the hands of favored inmates — all create a situation which has little to do with rehabilitation and which is only too likely to flare into periodic violence.

I doubt very much that our prisons will be free of the threat of riots in the future unless the basic features of prison life are drastically changed. Enlightened penal administrators are pretty much in agreement on what has to be done; the major stumbling block is not ignorance, as is so often claimed. Some of the changes which are widely accepted as necessary are: (1) a greater variety of institutions designed to handle specific types of prisoners; (2) smaller institutions to provide a greater degree of individual treatment; (3) a system of furloughs to provide for the prisoner’s gradual re-entry into the life of the free community; (4) provisions for family visits; (5) improved social and psychiatric counseling; (6) better trained and better paid guards; (7) an improved work program, including provisions for higher inmate

wages; (8) a greater use of parole and probation along with an improvement of parole and probation facilities; and (9) more rational sentencing procedures. These might be taken as a minimum program of reform; all of the points mentioned, it is interesting to note, are recommended in the recent British White Paper on prisons.

All of this is going to cost money — more than might be commonly expected, since our institutional population is increasing at a faster rate than the population as a whole. (In New Jersey, for example, the institutional population will probably double in some fifteen years.) If we find the “prison problem” difficult now, we will soon find it much worse.

I THINK, then, that the crux of the matter lies in the formation of a continuing and informed public interest which will be willing to support an enlightened penal philosophy. Such an interest exists in England today, and it once existed in the United States, in the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the present time, however, the public’s attitude seems to be largely composed of a transient taste for bear-baiting as expressed in its modern dramatic form of a periodic struggle between prison officials and prisoners. Perhaps, as one writer has suggested, the issue of imprisonment may not loom very large in these days of cosmic satellites; yet I think we must listen closely to the following statement of Winston Churchill:

The mood and temper of the public in regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the most unfailing tests of the civilization of any country.

A calm dispassionate recognition of the rights of the accused and even of the convicted criminal against the state; a constant heart-searching of all charged with the deed of punishment; tireless efforts toward the discovery of regenerative processes; unfailing faith that there is a treasure, if you can find it, in the heart of every man: These are the symbols which in the treatment of crime and criminals make and measure the stored-up strength of a nation and are sign and proof of the living virtue in it.

THE SQUEEZE ON CASTRO . . by Carleton Beals

HAVING apparently abandoned the role of Caribbean crusader against dictatorship, Fidel Castro, the bearded young "Liberator of the Cuban Fatherland," has embarked upon a vocal subjugation of United States public opinion. Earlier, he had criticized United States policies severely, either from conviction or to keep a fire of militant nationalism built under his followers. With a contemptuous gesture, quite warranted, he threw out the useless carpet-bag military missions which had decorated and banqueted Batista killers. Perturbed now by the hostility of the American press, mostly McCarthy smear-type reporting, he seeks to choke off the hysterical clamor from Southern and hog-belt Congressmen and the press. That he will have any success in quarters now denouncing him seems unlikely unless he turns his back on Cuban needs, halts land reform and ends his "new democracy."

None of the strenuous American critics showed concern when Batista abolished the press, jailed newspaper men, censored the radio, destroyed all but a few stooge political parties (the head of the powerful Orthodox Party committed suicide), staged a new bayonet election (at the behest of Ambassador Earl Smith), put the army in charge of labor unions and schools, drove at least fifty thousand Cubans into exile in almost every country on the globe. Those good American critics never opened their mouths when some ten to twenty thousand Cuban doctors, lawyers, Rotarians, Catholic women asking for "peace," workers, peasants, students, newspaper men and writers were having eyes, ears or genitals torn out and were being assassinated (some burned alive, as my friend Octavio Seigle). Nor did they criticize Batista, with his open house for gamblers and business speculators, for pandering to Communists while

scourging democratic elements. Never was a country more looted.

At this hour, Cuba enjoys a peace never enjoyed during the six years of unremitting revolt against Batista's illegal rule — though it is an uneasy peace that can't last unless Castro is able to carry out basic promises. In the brief hundred days of the Provisional Government, a tremendous and amazingly competent reconstruction, both physical and moral, of government and island services has been carried through against great odds. Grafters and holders of sinecures (including at least one American press representative) have been cleaned out from cellar to garret of government. Future theft of public funds has been made punishable by death. Quite a few millions of more than a billion dollars looted by the Batista gang have been recovered.

Much of this, including punishment of "war criminals," is merely house-cleaning, relatively negative, and the few reforms thus far have been chiefly palliative. But the press has been unshackled and corrupt news subsidies abolished, though the daily organ of Castro's July 26 Movement, *Revolucion*, must be receiving considerable help. Army-imposed union officials of the former regime, deep in corrupt union-fund deals with Batista, have fled and union autonomy seems to have been re-established. The new General Confederation head, David Salvador (not pro-Communist as *Time* has stated) is an ardent Castro supporter. This new freedom has resulted in some Communists being elected in a few unions, but an insignificant number compared to the period right after the downfall of Dictator Gerardo Machado twenty-five years ago. The new union "freedom" has resulted in a far larger number of pro-Catholic, pro-Grau-San Martín, pro-Prió leaders being elected, plus a majority of straight pro-labor men.

The jails are jammed full right now: mostly military, police and secret-service personnel, though plenty of civilian. The civil courts, pending complete overhauling, are

not yet functioning, so the traditional safeguards of *habeas corpus*, time-limits for preferring charges and providing trials, etc., do not exist. These rights were never respected by Batista, either, and under him the few judges who ventured to grant *habeas corpus* for anybody prosecuted by the Army or the police, or who harbored any charges against Army or government personages, had to flee from the island for their lives. One of them was Manuel Urrutia, the present provisional president. On the other hand, Castro has announced that within weeks the courts will have been reorganized and such rights restored.

New elections are not to be held for perhaps four years. Castro has argued that the government cannot be reorganized or essential reforms executed sooner, that an election now, with all free political parties destroyed by Batista and without proper political preparation, would merely result in automatic victory for himself and the July 26 Movement.

THUS, whatever one's opinion of Castro's summary military trials (and Cuban court-martial proceedings are more liberal than in the American Army) and his executions of Batista "criminals," Cuba, except for the known "counter-revolutionaries," enjoys more civil rights than it has any time in its independent history save for the Estrada Palma administration fifty years ago and the short-lived first Grau San Martín regime. How long they will last is anybody's guess. A new edict, making all "counter-revolutionary" activity against Castro's Provisional Government punishable by death, has an ominous ring.

Unfortunately, civil rights in themselves cannot provide bread or security, Cuba's urgent requirements. Unless drastic reforms are carried out promptly — perhaps in part *because* such reforms are needed — civil rights will soon be abridged, or a new military terrorism will take over, or the land will go on into revolutionary convulsions. Unless

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Castro can perform the miracle that never has been performed — land reform, the diversification of agriculture and the establishment of new industry — Cuba will revert to the dreary process of military rule punctuated, every two to five years, by revolutionary disorder.

It would be easy to list Castro's contradictory utterances (he talks too much), his about-faces, his bad errors, a few disturbing violations of civil liberties (the arrest of several labor leaders and of a critical newspaper columnist as well as the menacing investigation by a revolutionary tribunal of a priest who denounced the executions as the law of "an eye for any eye"), but it seems more constructive to consider the serious problems confronting his government.

Half the Cuban labor force is unemployed — and this before the completion of the sugar harvest. How long could the government of the United States survive with thirty million jobless, their families unsustained by unemployment payments? Even with full employment (which has never existed in Cuba, except in a few bonanza years during sugar-harvest time), the rural worker (who constitutes the majority of the Cuban working force) earns only \$25 or \$30 a month in a land where the cost of living is almost as high as in the United States — and for

many food and clothing items, which must be imported, even higher.

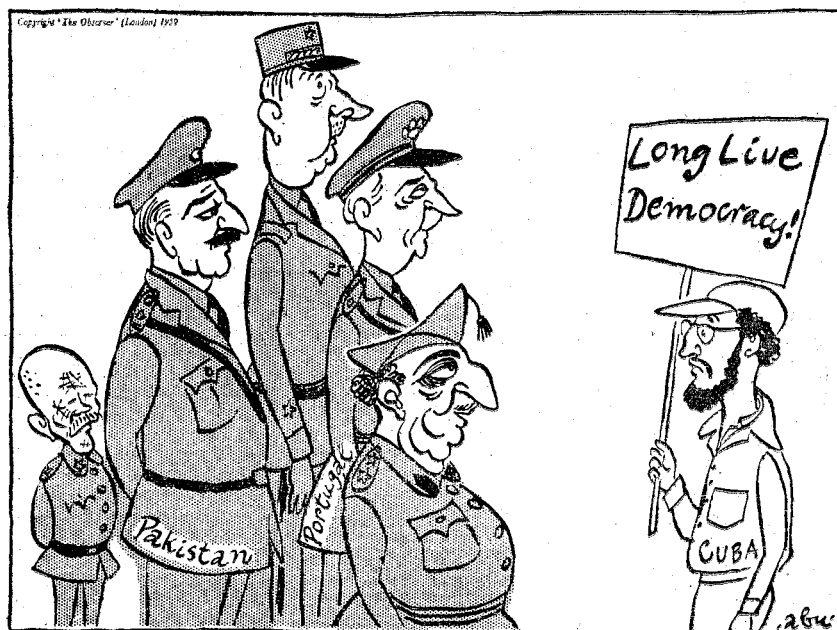
Thus Castro is being asked to perform the incredible feat of providing unlimited freedom without the bread or health or schools to implement that freedom. Hundreds of millions of dollars are drained out annually, not reinvested in the country, by absentee capital which controls most of the arable land and all important industry. Castro is walking a tight-rope between his militant armed followers and the Cuban people, denied even the minimum necessities of life, on the one hand, and on the other, the exigent demands of American business (with which the critical press in Cuba declares he must co-operate), the State Department (not celebrated for any love of popular governments to the south) and the American press. Castro has quite a balancing act to do to please both the Cubans and the American public, which knows nothing about Cuba.

For fifty years Cuba has cooperated extravagantly with American business, and it has known only dictatorship and semi-starvation for most of its people. The sugar industry, accounting for 81 per cent of the island's exports, employing the largest number of workers, provides pauper wages for three or four months each year. For the rest of the year, these workers and their families — except in the case of a

few enlightened large corporations which have provided permanent land plots—are cast forth from their thatched huts (such as the Siboney Indians lived in five centuries ago) and their huge unsanitary barracks to sleep in public plazas and under the arcades, scrounging for odd jobs, begging, stealing, fishing in garbage cans, their children unschooled, rarely enjoying medical care. Such is the blight of the world's worst rural sweat-shop industry which knight-errant Castro, harassed at home and abroad, seeks to remedy.

THE SUGAR industry does provide considerable revenue; it makes many payments, inadequate ones, to captive *colonos*, or Cuban growers; it provides part-time work for hundreds of thousands. However, the legal minimum wage (about a tenth of that in the United States) has never been enforced in rural areas. The bulk of the industry's purchases of equipment is made abroad. All shipping is in foreign hands (Castro is trying to set up a Cuban merchant marine); and though there are a number of rich Cubans in sugar, most profits flow abroad, thus preventing local growth. At present, Cuban revenues from this source have been halved. The price of sugar is lower than it ever has been except for a few years before and during the Great Depression. Quantity-wise, too, the market has been bad this year, so the government will have an enormous carry-over, with accompanying subsidy and warehouse costs. On the basis of past experience, the situation will depress the market for the next ten years. This disaster occurs at a time when the sugar workers, whose wages were slashed in half by Batista-imposed union officials in connivance with the corporations, are demanding wage increases. Even the 20 per cent increase tentatively promised by Castro will not lift them out of semi-starvation.

Other prices for Cuban products are down. The tourist trade — \$100,000,000 a year — is a mere trickle, not likely soon to revive. Inflowing foreign investment has been shut off; nor is credit available, for Batista had upped the national debt a billion dollars. Castro has had to



The Observer (London)

"We hope your politics won't stop you from joining the Free World."

May 2, 1959

clamp down on luxury imports, an additional loss to importers, merchants and service trades. How will Castro carry out his ambitious public-housing, school-building, factory-building, marsh-draining projects without money? A few token land resettlements have been made, but how will he provide the promised farm equipment, animals, seed and technical assistance? How pay for the additional land that will be required? Yet unless he can promote considerable land diversification, get a few more consumer industries going, provide adequate food for the rural population and a degree of economic security, he is sunk and civil liberties are sunk. The needs of the people are great, and the possibilities of new disaster loom even greater.

Nonetheless Cuba — about the size of England, with four times the

amount of arable land and most of it far more fertile, with mineral wealth that includes copper, nickel, manganese and one of the world's great iron supplies (now being held in reserve by American corporations), and with less than seven million population — could become one of the world's richest and most prosperous nations instead of being a blot on the free world. What it needs is honesty, initiative and some outside help.

One of Castro's plans is to make Cuba self-sufficient in rice production — not an unreasonable idea, given the soil and climate; Ecuador and Panama both accomplished it in recent years. But here too there hangs a tale. Great increases in rice and land production were seriously attempted by Cuba in the early thirties, but the much-touted reciprocity treaty with the United States

knocked the projects on the head. Nearly all of Cuba's rice has been coming from Louisiana. The Cubans wanted to keep rice and lard off the free list. It may have been purely coincidence that the American Ambassador at the time came from a big rice and hog-growing plantation family in Louisiana. Furthermore, the reciprocity treaty obliged Cuba to buy almost exclusively in the high-priced American market, preventing it from taking advantage of lower-priced goods from Germany, England, Japan and Italy.

Cuba has been cooperating with the United States for a long time. The wry Cuban saying is, whenever the going gets rough, "Cuba is a cork; it always floats." But a cork can do a lot of tossing. Cubans have been seasick for two generations. They are likely to be seasick a while longer.

De GAULLE: THE FIRST YEAR . . by Alexander Werth

Paris
PERHAPS THE GREAT change that has occurred in Europe in the last two or three weeks may best be described by quoting a prominent Soviet official whom I met a few days after the announcement that Mr. Adenauer was relinquishing the West German Chancellorship.

"I think it pretty certain, now," he said, "that there will be no war."

"Did you ever really think there might be one over Berlin?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"There was always the danger," the Soviet official replied, "that we might have drawn so near the brink that we would have had to resort to the kind of compromise which could lead only to new incidents and new perils. I think the world should be grateful to Britain—the press, the Labor Party, the Aldermaston march — for showing more realism than the rest of the world."

A few days later, I met the same official. He said:

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"Mr. Dulles was becoming more reasonable lately, but probably we will be still safer with Mr. Herter. And my countrymen are delighted that Mr. Nixon will visit Moscow; he got on surprisingly well with Mr. Mikoyan in Washington. In general, flexibility is making so much progress in the West that I think you'll find us more flexible. There's a fair chance now that we may agree on a peace treaty, with some kind of confederation of the two Germanies; on a number of disengagement proposals and on a U.N.-controlled West Berlin."

I QUOTE this authoritative Soviet view because it seems to sum up the reasons why there's ground for optimism on both sides. A curious anomaly is de Gaulle's belated self-identification with the Adenauer policy of *no disengagement of any kind*. But the way things have developed lately, it seems unlikely that France will be able to stand alone for a wholly rigid attitude, especially after the recent Debré visit to London, where Macmillan partially won

him over (Debré was not all that pro-Adenauer, anyway) to the British viewpoint. So some rethinking is going on at the top in Paris at the moment.

Not that, on the face of things, the French public seems to care much one way or another. Indeed, after a year of de Gaulle, one could argue that the French people have become apolitical, preferring to leave everything to the "great man" who, while not infallible, is "better and more honest than anybody else."

Paradoxically, there is still a strong prejudice in favor of de Gaulle on the Left. True, he is not popular in the hysterical way Hitler was in Germany, or General Boulanger was in France. There is nothing emotional or even irrational in the worship of him. His public appearances arouse no popular enthusiasm. But nearly everybody somehow imagines that to support de Gaulle is *reasonable*, because he represents a compromise between two extremes; because he represents not a revolution, but merely the preservation of a (slightly modified) *status quo*. No

The NATION

doubt, the constitution of the Fifth Republic is a monstrosity; but so long as de Gaulle is in charge, there is little to worry about. And you will find old-fashioned liberals who express satisfaction at the thought that, after all, since de Gaulle has taken over, personal freedoms seem to be more respected than they were in the bad last few months of the Fourth Republic. M. Tréno, the witty, whimsical editor of the *Canard Enchaîné*, the best satirical weekly in France, told me recently that he had far less trouble with the authorities today than previously, and that the sales of his paper are soaring now that the bulk of the press had become completely conformist. Indeed, M. Tréno told me that de Gaulle himself took great pleasure, every Wednesday, in reading the *Canard's* wisecracks and in trying to figure out who had "leaked" to the paper inside information about the last cabinet session.

AND WHO cares here about Berlin? No doubt, there's a kind of tongue-in-cheek attitude toward the question: everybody realizes that France, the bulk of whose forces are tied up in Algeria, is in no good position to play at a great European policy. Whether de Gaulle had any intention originally to revert to his 1944-45 "between-East-and-West" policy (which Moscow was hoping for), he had little choice but to stick to the Atlantic Pact and NATO, assuming at the same time a rather independent air by playing off Western Germany against Britain. But most observers believe de Gaulle's show of independence is little more than camouflage for France's hopelessly weak military position in Europe; and the gang-up with Adenauer is not necessarily any more genuine than the almost open breach with Macmillan. A few observers differ, however, with this view. A leading British diplomat spoke in all seriousness to me of de Gaulle's genuine ambition to make the present Franco-German *rapprochement* the basis for a new "Charlemagne's Empire"—a crazy formula de Gaulle conceived back in 1951. But de Gaulle himself implicitly denies any such designs; he is talking big about a much greater Europe embracing the whole

Slav world, urging Khrushchev not to be "silly" about so unimportant a matter as Berlin! In fact, he even went further: he dismissed all the quarrels over Germany and Berlin as insignificant, and urged a global reconciliation with "the saving of man" as the ultimate object, and with France forming, as it were, the center of this world-saving system.

Only, as Beuve-Méry of *Le Monde* wrote on the following day, all this appeal for Man and for Human Dignity would sound a little more convincing if it were to meet with an immediate response in Algeria, "where, in the midst of blood and tears, and at the price of terrible mutual degradations, an increasingly meaningless and senseless war is continuing." This war is now costing France 1,000 billion francs a year. Not only is it having a fairly serious effect on the standard of living here, but it is weakening France internationally, and is costing her around one hundred young men a week.

It is beginning to threaten the de Gaulle regime itself. De Gaulle is vaguely aware of this. He knows that the Constantine Program for the development of Algeria, predicated on large French private investments in Algeria, is meeting with increasing opposition from Big Business, which is not ready to risk its money as long as the war continues to render investments highly precarious. Big Business (or, at any rate, a substantial part of it) is in favor of winding up the Algerian war, if possible. And, as the recent municipal elections showed, the electorate, despite outward appearances, is far from indifferent to Algeria; and it is now obvious that the votes for de Gaulle in the September referendum and for the "Gaullists" in the November election were largely dictated by the hope that de Gaulle would end the war. Since nothing had happened by the time of the municipal elections four months later, the electorate tended to turn against the Gaullists, if not against de Gaulle himself. Communists who had voted for de Gaulle in the referendum now went back to voting Communist. In about a quarter of the bigger provincial constituencies the Socialists, sick of Guy Mollet, ganged up with the Commu-

nists, so much so that it was possible for the first time in many years to speak of a Popular Front reviving in France. No doubt there were mental reservations on both sides; but the fact that a high proportion of Socialists was no longer willing to obey Mollet's orders to "keep out the Communists" at any price (even at the price of letting in the Gaullists and reactionaries) was significant. The "anti-Fascist" movement, which failed so lamentably to materialize when the Fourth Republic was threatened with extinction last May, was showing signs of coming into being—if only as a protest against the Algerian war.

And if the left-wing victory was not a more sweeping one, it was because there continues to be a widespread belief that, in the end, de Gaulle is determined to make peace in Algeria, though on what terms still remains a mystery.

The big pressure on de Gaulle now



L'Observateur (Paris)

"I do not see, for my part, any objection in principle to what the negotiations address themselves. . . ."

May 2, 1959

405

comes, not from the Left, but from the extreme Right. By this I do not mean Big Business, which is essentially "Gaullist," but from the large Fascist fringe of the European Algerians and of the Army.

Some observers, like Claude Bourdet, think it not improbable that, to appease the Army and the extremists, de Gaulle will give the right-wing and pro-Fascist elements—particularly in the Army—a much freer hand in France in return for a peace settlement in Algeria. Another possibility is that the Berlin crisis (when it comes) will give de Gaulle an excuse for proclaiming an emergency situation in which the present freedom of the press, for example, would be abolished—much to the satisfaction of the Algiers *ultras* who have for months been screaming for the suppression of the "treason press."

A more optimistic view is that de Gaulle will refuse to surrender to the Army and the Algiers *ultras*, but will wait until general dissatisfaction will have grown sufficiently (because of economic difficulties, Algeria, etc.) to enable him to dissolve the present National Assembly, with its incredible right-wing and *ultra* majority, and to hold new elections which would produce a left-wing majority. This would be more representative than the present As-

sembly (in which the 200-odd "Gaullist" deputies represent 19,000 voters each, as against the ten Communist deputies representing 400,000 voters each). For what it is worth, the latest opinion poll shows that 63 per cent of the French want a negotiated peace in Algeria; this wish is certainly not reflected in the composition of the present Assembly.

IT SEEMS that a large part of the non-Communist Left is hoping for an early dissolution of parliament. Is this the result of wishful thinking? What does the non-Communist Left represent, anyway? How big a force can it become without joining forces with the Communists who, in a general election today, would again have over five million votes? Instinctively, a growing proportion of Socialists, though distrustful of the Communists, have been preferring an alliance with them to toeing the Guy Mollet line; this process would undoubtedly be intensified if the Fascist menace became accentuated. The role of Mendès-France is of doubtful importance at the moment; he represents not a political force but rather an intellectual attitude. In any case he is certainly not seeking a *rapprochement* with the Communists, or anything resembling a Popular Front.

Other left-wingers, ostensibly less hostile to the Popular Front, claim that the impossibility of having one must be attributed to the dominant role the Communists would want to play in it (which, numerically, at any rate, is understandable); in truth, the Communist "obstruction" has, in fact, been greatly exaggerated, notably in the pro-Bevan press in England. Others still, like Claude Bourdet, hold that any alliance with the Communists (even "against fascism") is doomed to failure, so long as Thorez is "still a Stalin and not a Khrushchev." In reality, it seems that the future of the Popular Front largely depends on de Gaulle himself. If he gives in to the Army and the *ultras*, and a serious Fascist threat in France develops, there will be a Popular Front, whatever the intellectuals may say. If de Gaulle behaves in a reasonably liberal manner, keeps the Army in order and holds out the prospect of an Algerian settlement before very long, and if also economic conditions do not deteriorate disastrously, then there will be no need for one.

Meanwhile, watch out for May 13, the anniversary of the "revolution." Something may happen that day. Another revolution? No. But perhaps some kind of showdown forced by the Right.

LITTLE ORPHAN BASEBALL . . by Robert Coulson

WE AMERICANS have been neglecting our heritage. Seduced by such trivia as national security, the education of our children and the exploration of outer space, we have allowed the true essence of America to sicken near unto death.

Minor-league baseball clubs are losing money. Many small boxing arenas are being forced into bankruptcy. Television has altered the delicate financial machinery which

ROBERT COULSON is a member of the Illinois State Legislature — the state represented in the American League by those perennial runners-up, the Chicago White Sox.

once permitted fortunes to be won in the minor leagues of sport. Soon, unless we act quickly, wisely and courageously, the salaries and bonuses paid to players will diminish, promoters will turn their attention to other matters and athletes will become champions merely by eating Wheaties.

The loss of money is not important; the promoters, impresarios and managers have assured us of that. What worries them is the gradual loss of skill which will afflict our minor-league athletes. Inevitably, the quality of play in the larger arenas will deteriorate. Our future boxing champions will suffer from

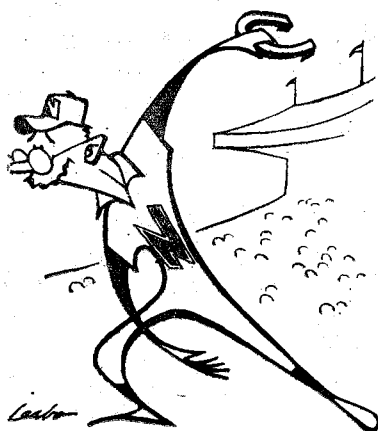
comparison with the champions of old. Major-league baseball games will have more errors, fewer hits and less curve-ball pitching. Worst of all, the performers who might have become champions will abandon their sport to become coaches, salesmen, laborers or candidates for political office.

It is this last specter which haunts the impresarios, and prompts them to appeal to Congress and the Supreme Court for special rulings, new laws and personal exemptions from the Constitution which defines the rights of the rest of us. If we fail to save baseball and boxing from the competition of free television, the

professional athletes will decline in number and in skill; their sponsors, owners, promoters and managers will enter other businesses; baseball-club franchises will continue to be shifted from city to city; televised fights will lose their sponsors and the boxing arenas will be demolished to make room for superhighways.

Of course, baseball and boxing will still be as interesting to watch as ever: in baseball, the poor quality of pitching will be matched by the inexperience of the batters and the clumsiness of the fielders; in boxing, both men in the ring will be equally deficient. But American Prestige will suffer. Perhaps Venezuela, Cuba or Japan may be able to offer a baseball team which could beat ours in a genuine World Series. Certainly it would shock all Americans to see the heavyweight boxing title go to a champion overseas. That is why boxing and baseball deserve special treatment from the Supreme Court.

Other businesses in the entertainment field have been injured by television, but not at the peril of the American Way. The motion-picture industry, being simply a business, was rightly compelled to stay within the framework of our laws while it economized, splintered, merged and otherwise adjusted to television. Radio and the legitimate theatre have been given no special exemptions from the anti-trust laws; why should they? Aren't they, too, just businesses?



We have to go back fifty years to find a comparable example of a great American Institution threatened by scientific advances — back to the day when the automobile began to destroy horseshoe-pitching. Here was the greatest participant sport of all, and the most truly American. There were contests in every town, gate receipts for the promoters and champions in every class. Then came the automobile, sponsoring paved roads everywhere, reducing the size of our backyards and putting houses on all our horseshoe lots. Blacksmiths, together with horseshoes — not to speak of horses — began to disappear from the American scene; alleys grew narrower; audiences faded away, and now the millions of sand-lot games are no more. Hardly a professional horseshoe pitcher is left alive. Detroit killed the whole sport — and this was the greatest American game of all, a part of our

earliest history, a game which all our Presidents used to play.

Yet horseshoe pitching can be revived, and by the same devices proposed for the rescue of boxing and baseball. The scientific advance which destroyed the sport should pay the cost of resurrecting it. We would need a Pay-Ride law, requiring that everyone who purchases an automobile subsidize part of a horse. Another part of the purchase price of every car would be allocated to the building of dirt roads and getting the horse back into circulation. We would also need some changes in our zoning laws and building codes, and special tax inducements to champions and contenders.

Thus would we establish a healthy precedent for saving baseball and boxing. But we must hurry. As one expert put it recently, "Unless Congress acts quickly, most of us will be unable to stay in business for another year." Or as another says, "It may be too late already for the Supreme Court to keep the small clubs operating profitably." Or another, "The courts have got to realize that this is not a business, but a part of America."

With all the billions of dollars wasted in building rockets which sometimes misfire, surely we can spend a little time and money on the true essence of our country. Up, horseshoe pitchers! With the boxers and the baseballers, let's unite to save America.

MEDAL WITHOUT HONOR . . by James Avery Joyce

"THE PRESIDENT injected a personal note," reported *The New York Times*, "in presenting the Gold Medal to Dr. Von Braun, who fifteen years ago received the Knight's Cross from the German Government for his work in perfecting the V-2 rockets used to bombard London."

"My congratulations," the President remarked with a smile. "We're proud of you."

The Von Braun citation said: "The security of the nation and the free world has been enhanced by his

great learning and his extraordinary achievements."

My eye stopped at these warmly congratulatory words, and my mind swung back fifteen years — from fantasy to reality.

DARKNESS was about to close in on a chilly winter day early in 1944, as my economics class met in what was left of Goldsmith's College of the University of London. In this south-east neighborhood of London, which lay behind the docks and warehouses

lining the River Thames, on the way out towards Greenwich, four years of bombings and blastings had left hardly a street intact.

The night raids, in later phases of the war, had slacked off somewhat, but had reduced Goldsmith's Col-

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lege from its original fifty classrooms to barely half a dozen. One of the best preserved of these was mine. I see it now, its windows stuck up with uneven boards or stuffed with rain- and soot-blackened sandbags. There was probably not a single pane of uncracked glass left in what was once a typically solid stone and brick college building — the home, before the war, of a flourishing workers' education program providing university training for thousands of South London teachers.

From 1951, until the General Election of 1955, I was back again in the same district, as a prospective Labor Party candidate "nursing" a neighboring constituency in Lambeth. I then watched the roofless structure being gradually filled up again with new rubble, and the portals repainted to receive another half-generation of young, ambitious London students.

WHAT exactly was the course we were taking together during that bleak winter back there in 1943-4? Around me in that dingy and very dusty room — for continual air raids leave behind them a surprising amount of mineral fallout on chairs, shelves, walls and window sills — a dozen or so young men and women in Civil Defense uniforms were taking time off from their all-round-the-clock duties to participate in a lecture-discussion series entitled: "*The Economics of Post-War Reconstruction*." Such was the title of our course that winter — how to build a brand new world after Hitler's assassins had finally been put down forever.

The Soviet Union — our "Gallant Ally" (Churchill's glowing term) — had turned the Nazi tide back from Stalingrad; and it was not too premature to plan the coming peace. In fact, "Peace Planning" had become a popular lecture-course topic that winter. No one was bothering in England about *theoretical* economics. "The Beverage Plan," "Town and Country Planning," "Industrial Nationalization," "Land Utilization," "National Health" — these were the popular topics; and literally hundreds of tabloid pamphlets and pocket-sized guides to these realistic fields of study were circulated by the

millions. My own practical economics course, repeated in several parts of London throughout the week, was typical of many similar courses being held up and down the British Isles, thus enabling two or more million uniformed men and women in civil defense units and at local fire-fighting stations to prepare for the future peace by keeping their minds above the battle now.

The almost overnight switch from a Churchillian what-we-have-we-hold wartime administration to a Labor plan-the-peace Government in the fall of 1945 — to the astonishment of, especially, American observers — was due more to this solid but little-publicized "underground movement," which had grown in strength during the darkest days of the war, than to any other factor. Many of our formal classes and a network of informal discussion groups were held in the deep shelters, as well as in sandbagged or concrete-enforced buildings, like the one we were occupying on the fatal night at Goldsmith's College.

THE CRASH came with terrific deafening suddenness — in the middle of a sentence. The V-2s gave us no warning: only a split-second swish, like a hurricane bursting from a bottle thrown against a mountain of dynamite. The whole room became a semi-solid mass of stifling smoke and sharp, gritty flying dirt, mixed with the appalling stench of explosive chemicals and the peculiar odor of decay that marks the disintegration of centuries-old buildings and walls.

This particular priceless gift from Hitler's war machine had actually fallen about three houses away from the college. It is true that the V-2 rocket which Von Braun and his fellow Nazi-scientists had invented, installed and launched against London contained only one ton of T.N.T. One ton — a mere juvenile delinquent's Christmas toy, compared with the real adult things he now has to play with, at 50 million dollars apiece! But what a change even a single ton of old-fashioned T.N.T. can make to living bone and flesh and blood!

It was just before closing time for the shops in the neighborhood when

this extraordinary contribution to the Hague Convention, which prohibits acts of war against civilians and non-combatants, fell that evening exactly on the Co-operative Stores at the corner of the street where, at that moment, a dozen or more housewives, some with their little children, were putting their last-minute groceries in their shopping-bags or collecting their change.

WHETHER anyone survived, I do not remember. Clambering over this sudden desert of destroyed brickwork, chimney tops, drainpipes and door frames, watching firemen and Civil Defense and Red Cross workers, who were at the spot within minutes, one could not even recognize the street any more. The supersonic speed of the V-2 rocket, accelerating from so great a height, had hit with ear-splitting impact, piling up the debris into a vast amphitheatre which made it seem as though the whole of the Co-operative Stores had been driven into the very center of the earth.

Is it necessary to describe what happens to human bodies when they become instantaneously mixed up with inert matter? Or how unexpected, unreal, is the sudden discovery that one's hand or foot is touching what a few minutes before was part of another human being — now almost indistinguishable and protruding from thick layers of muck and filth which coagulates human blood into a sort of gluey stain on stone or brickwork or wood?

Fortunately, thanks to Von Braun and others, this obscene messiness is not likely to offend us in the next war. Few will survive who are close enough to the blast of a 20-megaton warhead to see its immediate effects. And the few who do will be pleased to note that a nuclear blast of this type burns up the human body into clean ash, like a crematory, over a 500-square-mile radius, thus proving without doubt the superior benefits of our new modes of killing over those "dirty" T.N.T. missiles of fifteen years ago.

How unmistakably obvious it is that the "security of the nation and the free world has been enhanced by [Von Braun's] great learning and ... extraordinary achievements."

The Nation

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Horse's Meat

THE CAPTIVE AND THE FREE. By Joyce Cary. Harper and Bros. 369 pp. \$5.

ART AND REALITY: Ways of the Creative Process. By Joyce Cary. Harper and Bros. 175 pp. \$3.

JOYCE CARY: A Preface to His Novels. By Andrew Wright. Harper and Bros. 186 pp. \$4.50.

Jean Martin

"HAPPINESS is a very real thing . . . it is what we live for . . . the quality which belongs to things one would not dare spoil," wrote Joyce Cary in *Prisoner of Grace*, thus touching lightly on a theme he had pursued, in one form or another, through all of his intensely alive comic novels. Indeed, if ever there was a writer who was obsessed by a single theme, that writer was Joyce Cary, though he was too much of an artist ever to allow himself to argue his point openly with the reader. Instead, in all of his carefully wrought books, which include a trilogy about art (*The Horse's Mouth*, *Herself Surprised*, *To Be a Pilgrim*), a trilogy about politics (*Prisoner of Grace*, *Not Honour More*, *Except the Lord*), some novels of Africa (*Mister Johnson*, *Aissa Saved*), some about women (*A Fearful Joy*, *The Moonlight*, *Charley Is My Darling*), several semi-autobiographical books (*A House of Children*, *Castle Corner*), and now, in what was to have been the first book in a trilogy about religion had Cary lived to complete the project, *The Captive and the Free*—in all of these, Cary struggled valiantly to find a form that would merely leave his theme vulnerable and exposed so that the reader could take it directly into his own life. Cary's relation to the reader is always on a strictly personal, morally penetrating level, for his chief desire was nothing less than to teach a big happiness.

But how do you go about teaching this, how do you show it clearly and show it plain? For those who read (in Cary's words) because "they want a guide to life as navigators want a map," Cary had a special vision to impart. It was a penetrating view—fully formed and unsentimental—the kind of vision possible only in one who is no longer very young, which probably explains

JEAN MARTIN is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

May 2, 1959

why Cary did not publish his first novel until he was forty-four. Cary was something different from the general run of popular novelists, for where other writers have suggested love, honor, art, politics, or religion as possibly holding the answer to man's dilemma, Cary saw all these merely as temporal forms of happiness, different in *degree* but not in *kind* from walking in the sun or drinking tea and eating buttered scones. What Cary was after was to isolate for the reader the essential, abstract joy of living itself, and—what is yet more difficult—to show him how to accept this joy into his own life in spite of the lonely condition which is the basic state of every human soul.

Cary was always fully aware of the dilemma of the human situation: to be free is to be alone and to be alone is to be imprisoned. The captive and the free. Yet Cary saw further that this captive freedom was the necessary background to happiness, for with it we can make our lives anew and afresh every moment. The fact that we cannot hold on to happiness even after we have recognized it seemed to Cary to make it yet more poignantly beautiful: "It is far more beautiful than any picture. Because it is real, and so it must die" (*To Be a Pilgrim*). The most difficult part of happiness, as Cary saw it, was in accepting it in our isolated state—and then having the strength to let it go. "Unless life be made, it is no life . . . we cannot escape our fate, which is to live in creating and re-creating . . . we are the pilgrims who must sleep every night beneath a new sky" (*To Be a Pilgrim*).

Joy is only to those who do not fear to be free and alone. It was a very big theme for a comic novelist—and it is little wonder that Cary failed to find exactly the form that could express all of it with blinding directness. Time and time again (even in his masterpiece, *The Horse's Mouth*) the impact of his vision was dissipated through being interwoven in the human scene, just as the basic joy of living is hidden from many of us in the complications of life itself. That Cary never quite succeeded as a novelist does not diminish his skill—it merely attests to the depth of his vision.

Cary's attitude was basically a religious one—in his world the chief sin was the unforgivable one of not enjoying life. "Remembered goodness is a

benediction," reads the dedication of *Mister Johnson*, and it does much to explain Cary's own effect on his reader. Those who have undertaken to accept and understand what he is saying have come close to an experience for which the only description would be "blessed."

But they have only come close. For one reason or another, perhaps the lavishness of scene or the fleeting immediacy of action—his novels seem imperfectly realized and they linger imperfectly in the memory. Like life itself they have an extraneous quality and they flow on with little to mark out the climactic moments from the subtly meaningful ones. The message is so entwined with the events that it is extremely difficult to "tell the story" of a Cary novel, yet the *effect* remains quite clear in the reader's memory.

ABOVE ALL, they are not books for the very young. "The young are cruel . . . because they are afraid . . . they harden their hearts against memories of goodness" (*Except the Lord*). Cary's books are for those who are ready to look back and understand, those who have reached an age "when one begins to feel what fate is—I mean circumstances that can't be changed except for the worse" (*Prisoner of Grace*). Most of his characters are about forty, the age at which Cary himself first crystallized his intuitive understanding of life. ". . . the average man or woman of forty, however successful, has been so battered and crippled by various accidents that he has gradually been restricted to a small compass of enterprise. Above all, he is perplexed. He has found out numerous holes and inconsistencies in his plan of life and yet he has no time to begin the vast work of making a new one. . . . I think that is the reason for the special sadness of nearly all grown-up faces, certainly of all those which you respect . . . the sense that there is no time to begin again, to get things right. The greater a grown man's power of enjoyment, the stronger his faith, the deeper and more continuous his feeling of the waste of life, of happiness, of youth and love, of himself. But for children life seems endless, and they do not know a grief that has no cure" (*A House of Children*).

But for Joyce Cary, the grief and its cure were one, that is, "the doom of freedom which gives us both all the tragedy and joy of life" (*Art and Reality*). He knew the problem: "I be-

lieve in His existence, but how does one keep up an interest in Him, how does one go on being interested in life?" (*To Be a Pilgrim*). "... ingrowing despair ... kills more people every year than all the other kinds of heart disease put together" (*The Horse's Mouth*). Cary's answer lies scattered in a thousand different forms through all of his novels, as when to a girl who would commit suicide he says flatly, "Don't be a fool ... think of all the cups of tea and buttered scones you'd miss."

Perhaps nothing illustrates so vividly Cary's passionate attachment to the "fearful joy" of living than the last words of two of his most sharply drawn creations—Gulley Jimson and Mister Johnson. Gulley, the Hogarthian painter-genius of *The Horse's Mouth* at the end of the book finds himself being conveyed to a hospital in a police ambulance. ... "Please don't talk," said the nun. "That's all right ... they can't hear me because of the noise of the traffic and because they aren't listening. And it wouldn't make any difference if they did. They're too young to learn, and if they weren't they wouldn't want to." "It's dangerous for you to talk, you're very seriously ill." "Not so seriously as you're well. How you don't enjoy life, mother. I should laugh all round my neck at this minute if my shirt wasn't a bit on the tight side." "It would be better for you to pray." "Same thing, mother."

Similarly, Mister Johnson, the waggish young Negro who is the hero of Cary's first really successful novel—a kind of Gulley Jimson in the bush—at the end of the book is facing execution for a murder he committed, strangely enough, out of an excess of exuberance. "I don't mind hanging, but I don't want to say good-bye," says Mister Johnson.

He talks with his white friend, Mr. Rudbeck, who is to carry out the execution. "Is it time now, sah?" "Never mind the time." "I tink perhaps I like to wait small, small. I jess remember something." "Another message?" "Oh no, sah, jess something I forget—I forget all about dat time in Guta with Mister Jones." "Has it anything to do with your trouble here?" "Oh no, sah, I jess remember he very good time. I nearly forget him." ... Johnson speaks as if he has nearly committed a fault. In fact, he feels that he has only just escaped a piece of ingratitude toward the good time at Guta. Facing death, he becomes dimly aware that "remembered goodness is a benediction."

Since for Joyce Cary the ultimate virtue was that of enjoying life, the virtuous among his characters were not necessarily those who were moral, but those who knew how to enjoy themselves. "I get a lot of fun out of fun" (Gulley Jimson). "She liked to enjoy life ... I never knew a living soul who could enjoy herself so much at a party or just walking down the street looking at shops and other people's clothes" (Nina Nimmo). "She gave me that service ... but she never unpacked her box" (Sara Monday). Joyce Cary's chief desire was to reconcile the reader to the life of captive freedom—joy belongs to him who learns never to unpack his box.

HARPER and Brothers, who publish Mr. Cary's books in this country, have recently brought out three Joyce Cary items. *The Captive and the Free*, his last novel, is incomplete, not in the sense that any part is missing, but it has not been fully worked out and polished. Cary has said that he worked back and forth through his books as a painter works over the entire surface of a canvas, and

The Captive and the Free is obviously in an early state. Cary tried several times to write a book with this title—indeed, it is a capsule definition of his view of the human plight—but it is doubtful that he would have considered this version acceptable. While anything from the pen of Joyce Cary is interesting, and while Mister Preedy of Pants Lane—a deviously enigmatic, almost Manichaean evangelist—is assuredly in the tradition of Cary's comic rogue-heroes, it is obvious that much more would have been done before Cary would have called the book finished.

AS A matter of fact, when Cary realized he would not live long enough to finish the novel, he set it aside in favor of completing *Art and Reality*—a treatise on the working problems of the artist. Since Cary had an exceptionally clear grasp of what he was trying to say, as well as long experience in trying to turn it into words on paper, what he says about the process is extremely valuable. The gap between intuition and tangible expression is a wide one, and *Art and Reality* is a little gem of aesthetic theory that goes right to the heart of the "work" part in "work of art."

The third Cary item is a small book of criticism by Andrew Wright of Ohio University. Mr. Wright went to Oxford where Cary lived: "For nearly six months I went daily to his house in Parks Road. He gave me his study on the second floor to work in; he gave me permission to use anything I found. In the attic and in the study I found manuscripts of novels, short stories, essays, plays, poems, journals, letters. I found bills, memoranda, wallets, pistols, medals, trunks, boxes, and bicycle tires. I have made a good deal of use of the literary and biographical materials which turned up; that I was able to use them freely is, I understand, not only unusual but almost unique: most people conceal or withhold some at least of the facts. Cary did not." With his materials Mr. Wright has put together a warmly intelligent account of one of the most interesting writers of recent times. He is fully aware that Cary's message was a serious one put into ordinary speech and meant as a guide to all of his readers. As Gulley Jimson put it, "It's wise to be wise, especially for a born fool ... half a minute of revelation is worth a million years of knowing nothing. ... Curley Kale, as a work of the imagination, beats Shakespeare ... take a deep breath, hold your thumbs, count up to fifty, and USE LARGE MAPS."

Eucalyptus Dance

A modern papyrus burlesque,
The eucalyptus strips,
Sheds her pale and mottled running vest;
An exquisite virtuosa,
On ceaseless exhibition,
Appears, at once, in multiple shades of undress:
Below, sparse creamy yellow
And reddish-tinted slate,
Above, a naked reeling ashy white,
Intermittently, strips of tan
And slats of brown tinsel, trailing
Streamers of orange lace and peels of sorrel;
Rings of green and dazzling sabers
Spiralling up, coarse blunt
Chocolate antlers peeping out between!

LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

Up to the Slums

UP FROM PUERTO RICO. By Elena Padilla. Columbia University Press. 317 pp. \$5.

ISLAND IN THE CITY. By Dan Wakefield. Houghton Mifflin. 278 pp. \$4.

John V. Murra

AFTER a decade during which the bibliography on the Puerto Rican migrants was padded with newspaper revelations and press releases, rumors and the syrup of official reports, we face the pleasant surprise of two excellent, if very dissimilar, accounts from-the-inside published within four months of each other. Both Dr. Padilla and Dan Wakefield are aware that New York has demanded a profound and frequently painful readjustment in the migrants' life and social organization, symbolized by the fact that they now firmly prefer to be known as *Hispanos*. It is an ethnic category peculiar to New York: there are no *Hispanos* in their island home and none in Spain. The self-rejection implicit in this new label is explained by Elena Padilla as arising "to protect themselves from being characterized in a derogatory manner" as Puerto Ricans. As elsewhere in the colonial world, rejection by the master has as its most lingering consequence not exploitation and abuse but low self-esteem.

And yet the new label reflects also some new adaptational realities. Miss Padilla, a cultural anthropologist trained at the Universities of Puerto Rico, Chicago and Columbia, insists that the *Hispano* group in New York cannot be understood in the light of what we know of life in the Island* — "it is not possible to speak of Puerto Rican culture in New York." Family structure, religious practices, personal aspirations, the link to authority, work habits and the expectations of women undergo such rapid and such thorough changes in the metropolis, accompanied by so much doubt and bewilderment, that the emergence of a self-conscious *Hispano* group can be seen as a creative effort to "provide a framework and model for adaptation to the larger society." Most of Miss Padilla's work is devoted to documenting the ingenuity of the new adaptations from the data of her own field work in "Eastville," less than a score of contiguous Manhattan blocks. Eastville is not the *Barrio*, that solid

Puerto Rican district around 110th Street and Lexington which is Mr. Wakefield's "island in the city." It is a mixed neighborhood with a good many Puerto Ricans but also Italians, U.S. Negroes and other New Yorkers. Here "American" society is represented not only by the employer, teacher or policeman; the "Americans" are everywhere—neighbors, fellow shoppers and clinic users, playmates and pew sharers. The pressures are personal and one learns from them, but the learning's final form has been shaped by the *Hispano* world and it is neither a copy of the proffered, nor an enduring of the old.

BUT Eastville, like the *Barrio*, is also a slum, a particular and distinct version of the over-all U.S. culture. Its institutions, like the juvenile gang, existed long before the coming of the Puerto Ricans. Some of the best pages of both Miss Padilla and Mr. Wakefield show how attractive these organizations are for the youth of the two neighborhoods; we have a good example in these two books of how well the anthropologist's and the reporter's techniques can supplement each other. Wakefield has caught the tension and hesitations of the transition of a well-known fighting gang, the Enchanters, to become a social club to be known as the Conservatives; we discover that the young may be readier to shift from lawlessness than the city is to provide the rewards which would make the shift a more meaningful one. Otherwise, the gangs' proliferation is not just idle gregariousness: in slum circumstances they are a creative gesture like pegtop pants. We owe to the anthropologist the revelation that the gang is also an agency insisting on the Americanization of the younger migrant. Where the outside middle-class observer sees only violence and deviation, Miss Padilla shows that the goals of assimilation, "to act American" and learn English, are more successfully enforced under slum conditions by the slum's unbudgeted institutions.

In documenting the emergence of *Hispano* culture among the New York Puerto Ricans, Miss Padilla is careful to indicate the transitional, temporary quality of this adaptation. By its very nature the new is in constant flux; there is also little uniformity and much fis-

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*See *The People of Puerto Rico*, by Julian Steward et al. University of Illinois Press. Miss Padilla is one of the co-authors.

sion in the migrant community. The ideal of a "united family" is both strengthened and threatened in New York; length of stay and success in the city may become more important than education or "good family" back home. Here again, Dan Wakefield provides the interesting supplement of a reporter slicing the generalization down to the telling instance: Puerto Ricans are potentially an important percentage of New York's electoral roll. As part of this growing significance the city's politicians schedule flights to San Juan, long before the Puerto Ricans' political participation or share of patronage are commensurate with their numbers. Wakefield effectively chronicles the migrants' own hesitating steps in United States politics (in 1956 some still flew back to the Island to vote on what seemed to them weightier, Caribbean issues), in and outside the major parties. When it is all over and José Lumen Román, the first Puerto Rican candidate for City Council has been defeated, his supporters talk bitterly of forming "a Spanish party because they could trust only themselves." A moment of reflection reminded them of where they were: of course, it would be a "Hispano party open to all Americans."

Early in his book Wakefield asks the all-important question:

I wonder what we are costing the Puerto Ricans? In my trips outside

the community that is one question I never was asked. It is the question that was answered for me every day when I lived there.

His book does a good job of communicating this answer. It has a fine rebelliousness about it, an exposé indignant but well-written and well thought through. There is remarkably little overlapping with Dr. Padilla's book. Her strong point is the analysis of what Puerto Ricans have done for and to themselves while coping with the rest of us. One sometimes wonders why they keep at it and Miss Padilla reports that they've been thinking about it and now feel they do it *por los hijos*, for the children.

Two issues suggest themselves for further thought and reporting. Granted the emergence of a *Hispano* adaptation to life in New York, we need a more thorough exploration of its ideological aspects and particularly the role of mass communications in Spanish in articulating, reflecting and shaping the thought and values of the *Barrio*. It would also be interesting to hear of those who have "succeeded" and left the *Barrio* or Eastville. E. Franklin Frazier has indicated in his *Black Bourgeoisie* that success in a segregated society leads to new institutional forms and new attitudes, akin to those of the comparable majority, yet novel enough. The future of the *Hispano* world may well become predictable once we know more on matters like these.

cade. Perhaps I can best get at the quality which troubles me by describing a very simple thing, page 61 of Miss Brée's book. This page reproduces in facsimile one sheet of the 1957 manuscript draft of *L'Envers et l'endroit*. In itself this seems to be nothing more than an ordinary handwritten rough draft. The handwriting is round and undistinguished; there are the usual scratchings-out, insertions and transpositions; no world-shaking issues seem to be under discussion, there is no reason for us to think ourselves on Mount Sinai or within the crucible of the artistic imagination. Indeed, the only quality in any way remarkable about the MS as reproduced is that for some reason, very likely the badness of the reproductive process, it is quite difficult and occasionally impossible to read. And this is a quality which I frequently find in M. Camus' writings as a whole. What he is saying in the limited context is not at all difficult; indeed, it displays on occasion a childlike innocence about stating the perfectly obvious; but the total import of a number of these oddly related, or unrelated, clarities is curiously difficult to formulate.

MISS BRÉE tells us: "Camus has had from the beginning an acute awareness of his existence: 'To be a man, that is what counts. His grandmother will die, then his mother, then he himself. . . . To do one's tasks, and accept being a man leads to being old. . . .' This is the wisdom he learned as a child" (p. 74). The omissions indicated above are Miss Brée's; and perhaps restoration of the omitted materials would make this inscrutable Oriental lore sound a little less bald. But, however adorned, it will not strain the intellect. Surely we need not leave the banks of the old Raritan, and journey all the way to the Casbah, just to learn this.

My example is unfair. If the rest of Camus' wisdom were on a par with this, we might dismiss him out of hand as a portentous rascal with an urgent vocabulary and an empty head—a breed not unfamiliar to the modern world. But Camus is not to be written off in this way. In his own writings to some extent, and to a much greater degree in Miss Brée's book, he does appear as the proponent of certain glassy, gassy, impenetrable abstractions. He believes highly in individual liberty and individual responsibility; he opposes injustice and tyranny in all their forms. Indeed, indeed, he is aware of the loneliness of the self in a world which appears absurd; undeniably his essential concern, his deepest need, is happiness. I am convinced that behind these edifying

Adventurer in Morality

CAMUS. By Germaine Brée. Rutgers University Press. 275 pp. \$5.

Robert M. Adams

CAMUS is a man we all want to know about, and Miss Brée has written an admirable introductory book about him—some such comment is an inevitable opening word, and may well prove to be our concluding one, about the dramatic little book issued by Rutgers University Press. But the filling of the sandwich must be different—not negative, necessarily, but questioning.

As a guide to the career, Miss Brée is careful, specific, sympathetic and informed. She writes well, not merely in the sense of turning a neat phrase now and then, but strategically; she marshals her information carefully, maintains good impetus, avoids the excesses

of jargon, and focuses her ideas with a distinct and wiry energy worthy of Camus himself. And Camus himself is an admirable subject; for he is evidently one of those spiritual lightning rods around whom our age concentrates its darkest clouds, its most outrageous fires. Still, having said all this, a puzzle remains—why doesn't this man, and why doesn't the book about him, amount to something more substantial and memorable?

One's first impulse, on receiving this impression of the diaphanous and impermanent in a writer's effects, is to think there is something fake or artificial about him. He has worked up a few flats and painted drapes to impress an audience; when one can see through or around them, as one often does with Gide and can do now with Eliot, what is left to watch but the working of a rather bare and sterile machinery? But of Camus this is simply not true. Whatever else he is, he is not a man of fa-

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generalities M. Camus knows pretty exactly what he is talking about; but how he has convinced me I cannot say, and I am not sure that Miss Brée has given me very many reasons to support the faith we both share.

It is curious to find oneself at so much of a loss about the real workings of Camus' mind, because, like Gide, he is profuse in explanations of himself. Though he has made his reputation as a novelist, the essay is evidently his chosen form; and at the age of forty, he has produced eight volumes of essays, in addition to a healthy number of separate articles and interviews, all devoted primarily to expounding his view of things. He has been generous with his "shop," opening his notebooks to Miss Brée and allowing her to compare versions of the essays, to trace the genesis and metamorphosis of individual sentences. Yet Miss Brée is not alone in feeling that many of the pieces he has written as explanations themselves need explanation; and while it would be ungrateful to suggest that she hasn't advanced matters a great deal, still it is plain that the end is not yet.

ALL this sounds very grudging and debunking-like; and that is unjust to M. Camus, to Miss Brée, and (incidentally) to your reviewer's own feelings in the matter. M. Camus is an adventurer in morality and art after the pattern of Pascal, Dostoevsky and Gide; and the fluid, inventive spirit of such a man will find its full creative expression only in the arc of a career. It is nice that he received the Nobel Prize for Literature at the age of forty; I can think of no other forty-year-old on the current literary scene with a better claim to the distinction. Yet one can't but agree with M. Camus himself, who is reported to have remarked, on the occasion of the award, that he didn't deserve it. Whether ultimately he will deserve it, or some accolade even more uncontrivable—I am thinking of the sort of universal love and reverence which enshrine the memory of Yeats, for example—one would be foolish to predict.

We are not wrong in wanting to know as much about him as possible. The intense and sensitive face which looks out of his portraits is insatiable in its attraction to the great questions of life—the ones to which we must have answers in order to get on with it. And the residual restlessness we sense in his character, as in his art, is the best guarantee that he will not fob us off with easy answers. Amid perplexities, confusions and distractions to which he himself bears witness, he remains con-

stant in his devotion to the task of forging a conscience for modern man. If for nothing else, we are indebted to him for the persistence of his questions, the force of his negations. And to Miss Brée we are obliged also for moving him one step closer to the center of our scrutiny. She leaves him ensconced in certain liberal formulas which one can only describe as "tired"; but she also suggests a radical interrogative instability, of which much may be hoped, and without which we should certainly be the poorer.

Courtroom Horror

STAR WORMWOOD. By Curtis Bok.
Alfred A. Knopf. 228 pp. \$3.95.

Amos S. Basel

THE courtroom can be a great laboratory for obtaining insights into the functioning of our society. Here man reveals his terror, his vengeance, his greed and also his love of truth. Here he is willing to settle his disputes by argument and compromise rather than by warfare. Here he sometimes performs at

his noblest, and often at his worst. Great social and economic problems are here to be examined if one wants to look and listen. Judge Curtis Bok of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has fortunately used his twenty-one years on the bench to try to understand what drives the men who have appeared before him. He has come to some provocative conclusions in a brilliant and exciting book.

HE tells the story of a lonely, starved boy who kills a girl in a moment of rage and terror. The book is divided into three parts—the crime, the trial and the execution. The story line moves against the boy with the inevitability of great tragedy. He is doomed by an act of mutilation upon the body of the girl which occurred after the murder and is in no way connected with it. In the jurisdiction where the boy is tried, mutilation of a dead body is a misdemeanor, but the district attorney makes him out to be a cannibal. The passions of the community and the jury are

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aroused against him. Society is avenged for his extraneous act, but believes it is repaying the girl's death when it murders the boy by capital punishment.

Judge Bok tells the story in a gripping thriller style, but he follows each chapter by an incisive comment in which he uses the story to analyze and examine the conduct of the "criminal," those who sit in judgment on him and the operation and motivation of our penal laws. He concludes that our enforcement of criminal law and our penal system are based on vengeance, that their methods are outmoded and of little social value. He says confidently that we will some day look back at out present methods "with the same horrified shock as we now look back upon the Spanish Inquisition."

Normal courtroom dramas as told by writers for the stage or in novels are usually dull and barren or melodramatic and unreal. The trial described here by Judge Bok comes alive because he tells the story, not from inside the courtroom, but from inside the people involved. His description of the tactics of the lawyers and the reaction of the judge, the jury and the spectators could only have been done by a professional with insight, who had lived through many trials. He explains the techniques and the reasons for the airing or the

failure to air certain facts and circumstances. He uses his great power as a writer, in the trial section of the book, to question the effectiveness of our advocacy form of trial in criminal cases. He pleads its abolition. He would replace it with a method where the court finds "deeds" and the psychiatrist finds "facts" — "and on the basis of these facts proper treatment will be tailor-made to fit the patient."

He makes a brilliant case for putting these new attitudes to work in open prisons. He points out that the open prison at Chino in California, where each prisoner is approached and treated as a person, has a record of about six per cent repeaters. The repeater rate at fortress prisons is sixty per cent.

The publisher has described *Star Wormwood* as "A shattering story of crime and punishment told with great compassion and a sort of naked compelling sincerity. Justice Bok has preserved something rare in a modern judge, the quality of old-fashioned indignation." In this case a blurb does no more than justice.

Objective Faith

THE POWER OF PRAYER ON PLANTS. By Franklin Loehr. Doubleday & Co. 144 pp. \$3.50.

Robert Hatch

THE author of this singular book is a Presbyterian clergyman who found himself less than content with his spiritual calling by reason of earlier training as a chemist. Dr. Loehr had discovered in the laboratory the satisfactions of controlled experiments and verified data; he could find no similar objective tests for success in the world of faith, so he set about devising them.

Dr. Loehr's technique is to pray at plants, and he has a number of followers who assist him in this devotional horticulture. (He also distributes a kit containing all the materials necessary for home prayer enthusiasts.) Sometimes he prays for the plants, sometimes against them; being a well-trained and scrupulous scientist, he always prepares one pan of seeds which is ignored and serves as control. Dr. Loehr offers a section of photographs in his book, and you should see the dandy results he gets. Aldous Huxley is quoted as saying that this documentary evidence is "incredible," and it takes something pretty surprising to draw that judgment from the most credulous of Huxleys.

What puzzles me, though, is why the

ceremony with corn and wheat seeds is called prayer. I have always understood that prayer was a communication addressed to God; Dr. Loehr and his friends are communicating with vegetables—"meeting them," he says, "on their own level and in terms of their own being"—and though this is certainly a remarkable feat, it is not essentially a religious one. Cinderella's godmother had a pleasing way with pumpkins, but no one has implied that she was a particularly devout old lady.

The fact is that Dr. Loehr, for all his scientific cackle and unctuous sermonizing, is an old-fashioned magician. He does not petition God for aid, he commands nature to forsake its ways and follow him. He can, he says, direct "several brief 'bursts' of negation" at a healthy young shoot, and the plant will forthwith wither and die. May the saints preserve us in our hour of peril—the man's a warlock!

ALL this, I make bold to say, is nonsense; but it is not in itself a very wicked sort of nonsense, nor sufficiently novel to occasion comment (at the age of ten I used to "will" people to scratch their heads, and surprisingly often they did). It becomes wicked, however, when Dr. Loehr suggests, as he does repeatedly in his book, that the same kind of "negative prayer" he uses to inhibit plant growth will, pretty soon now, be used to cure cancer. And it becomes noteworthy when to it you add all the other irrational exploits we have been invited to admire in recent years. There was the late Kenneth Roberts, dowsing for water over a map of distant Bermuda; there is Dr. Rhine down at Duke, flipping his cards, bandying words like "psychokinesis" and sending "trained investigators" all over the lot to look into poltergeists; there was that woman down in Texas who was inhabited by her Irish grandmother, and only a few nights ago I watched Oral Roberts effecting miraculous cures of cataract, goiter and mental disease on television. Quacks, mediums, gypsy fortune tellers we have always had, but these new prophets of irreason work close to the sources of influence. Dr. Loehr is given serious heed by Huxley; also by the F.B.I. and Richard Nixon, who think that his well-directed bursts of prayer might very well discourage crime and cause communism to wither at the root. He conducts large classes under the auspices of churches whose names at least do not carry a hint of madness and he teaches at prosperous "psychological" institutes. His book is not published by something called the True

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Light Press, but by Doubleday, a hard-headed corporation that knows there is a market for this sort of thing and is not embarrassed to sponsor it.

There is, in short, far too much irrationality abroad in the land and it is time to cry halt. The cause of this renaissance of magic is not obscure: men are overwhelmed and terrified by the consequences of the search for knowledge, and in a mood to heed the easy solutions of the necromancers. But this of all times is the one in which we can least afford to take leave of our wits. I do not know whether or not reason is the gift of God, but it is assuredly the only gift that will save us. Praying at plants is asking for obliteration.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE Composers' Showcase, which began a lively existence last season at the Nonagon Gallery, has moved to larger quarters this year, at the Circle in the Square Theatre, in Greenwich Village. Charles Schwartz, the series' young producer and moderator, has continued his policy of pairing two composers—generally distinguished ones—on a forum-type program, with a pleasant discussion and question period at the end. Virgil Thomson and Ben Weber, representatives of different generations and widely divergent styles, provided the music for the most recent Showcase.

Weber's music occupied the first half of the evening. A twelve-tone composer (described by some writers as a "conservative" twelve-toner), Weber is characterized by high expressive intensity, meticulous craftsmanship, and a fundamentally lyric disposition. His music, especially for larger combinations, is often exceedingly complex. The design is always firm, and the forms work.

Small chamber works were his contribution on this evening: the *Humoreske*, Op. 49, for piano (1958), the *Piano Suite*, Op. 27 (1948), the *Dance for Solo Cello*, Op. 28 (1948) and *Five Pieces for Cello and Piano*, Op. 13 (1941). Glen Mack was the pianist; Seymour Barab, the cellist. Both were perceptive executants, and in their hands the music revealed the qualities of sensitivity, intelligence and clarity which make Weber's writing always admirable.

Virgil Thomson, for his half of the program, chose works which showed him at far-flung points in his career. The *Sonata Da Chiesa* (1926), was the earli-

est. Then came the *Sonata for Violin and Piano* (1930) and *Four Songs to Poems of Thomas Campion*. (1951). His performers were stellar: Joseph Fuchs, violinist, Artur Balsam, pianist and Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano. An apple-cheeked quintet of Juilliard students was heard in the *Sonata Da Chiesa*, and played very well indeed.

Thomson is a composer difficult to characterize; I have yet to hear a description which completely fits. Perhaps the "bad-good" boy of American music would come as close as anything. When he is setting words, as in the Campion songs, he can be the best-boy you ever heard. His prosody is so perfect it becomes a stylistic element in itself; his feeling for the mood of a text, and his ability to evoke its counterpart in music, is infallible. In most instances, his inclination is to create an elegant, poised entity, using simple harmonic and rhythmic means.

On other occasions, as with the orchestral work *Sea Piece With Birds*, the bad-boy will peak out at an unexpected moment, giving us sea gulls with brass throats, or an over-all compositional form which has no precedent in musical literature. The *Sonata Da Chiesa*, for E Flat Clarinet, D Trumpet, Viola, Horn and Trombone, is a chamber work loaded with bad-boy characteristics. Neo-classic in manner, its *Chorale*, *Tango* and *Fugue* movements wend their way with clear-cut energy and a wry malevolence toward convention. Unlike many neo-classic works which use Baroque or Classic models as perfectly sober points of departure, the *Sonata Da Chiesa* gives the impression of having

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adopted this stylistic attitude only to step aside for long stretches to spoof both the old and the *neo* with equal glee.

The *Sonata for Violin and Piano* fell between the other two works both in chronology and in personality. The lyrical first movement had a long, flowing violin line, beautifully contoured, and made its appeal directly without any hint of side comment. With the *Tempo di valzer* movement, however, the composer's sense of satire came to the fore. The bad-boy was proper in his manners, but he had his fun, and Messrs. Fuchs and Balsam went right along.

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ART

Maurice Grosser

TWO VERY fine present-day Impressionists are now on view — Inna Garsoian, at Bodley until May 2, and Pierre Sicart at Carstairs, until May 9. Inna Garsoian's subject is Venice, treated not as a romantic city, but as an inhabited and industrial one — its gondolas in the snow, the palaces of the Zattere ranged like rows of warehouses in the dusk, the lagoon with its islands like strings of barges being towed away. The pictures are small, the paint thin, the brushwork easy. The color is delicate, varied and exact. The light and air particular to time and place are recorded as subtly and as simply as in a Boudin. The pictures have what is very rare in painting today—real and unpretentious taste.

Pierre Sicart's work is more brilliant, rough and striking. His extraordinary subject, as far as I know never painted before, is urban night in our time, in France, in California, in New York — the dark, opaque skies, the buildings lighted from below, the traffic signals and neon signs, the black asphalt roads jammed with traffic, winding away like a glittering two-toned ribbon, one side blazing with the headlights of oncoming cars, the other an array of red, retreating taillights thinning to a line in the distance. Sicart's brushwork is bold and free. The pictures themselves, patterns of bright pale colors on a background of black and midnight blue, have a virtuoso exuberance quite different from Inna Garsoian's subtlety and restraint. But both painters, unlike as they are, belong to the Impressionist tradition, and paint with the same aim — to give a convincing and resembling portrait of nature.

Three different painting manners are available to the painter of our time — abstraction, magic realism and impressionism. Which of them he adopts depends uniquely on his subject matter. If his subject is a comment on art itself — if he is engaged in making an analysis of a historical style, or in reducing painting to one of its basic elements of color, texture, composition or brushwork for the sake of the visceral emotions which these things used pure can be made to arouse—then he is an abstract painter and will necessarily employ the techniques invented and sanctioned by modern art. If his subject is fantasy, the depiction of a dream world, or a poetic ecstasy, or a compulsive interior state — subjects which would be incomprehensible without clear state-

ment — then he will be driven to present them in some traditional and easily understood technique, as do Dali and the English pre-Raphaelites before him, or Max Ernst and Magritte. He will expound his mysterious theme in a vocabulary of clearly painted symbols, and the rather old-fashioned techniques by which this clarity is obtained are the essential elements of the magic realist style. But if the painter's subject is the objective world and how it looks to him, his best tool will be one of the modern adaptations of Impressionism.

Impressionism today is not the same thing as the Impressionism practiced in the last century. The most striking difference is that Impressionism has now completely abandoned formal *pointillism* (that method of producing tones with little distinct dots of pure color juxtaposed on the canvas). The technique has proved to be more laborious than useful. Furthermore, *pointillism*, like blue shadows and lavender tonalities, has become disagreeably associated with that academy of Impressionism which fell so firmly into disrepute some thirty years ago. But apart from this, most of the characteristics of Classic Impressionism have been retained — dependence for subject matter on light and nature, love of clear color, a constant use of the soft and varied edge, and of the brush stroke that breaks across the form — and that most important of all Impressionist contributions, the discipline of spontaneity by which each picture is painted as an improvisation.

Magic realism as a practice has almost disappeared with the Surrealism which inspired it. Abstract art has become official and lost much of its excitement and tension. The possibilities of Impressionism are not yet exhausted, and I suspect that we will see a great deal more of it in the near future.

**Poem in Honor of Poets
Who Form Schools
Deliver Manifestoes
Name Generations
Chant Slogans
Praise Each Other
And Roar in Cellar Saloons**

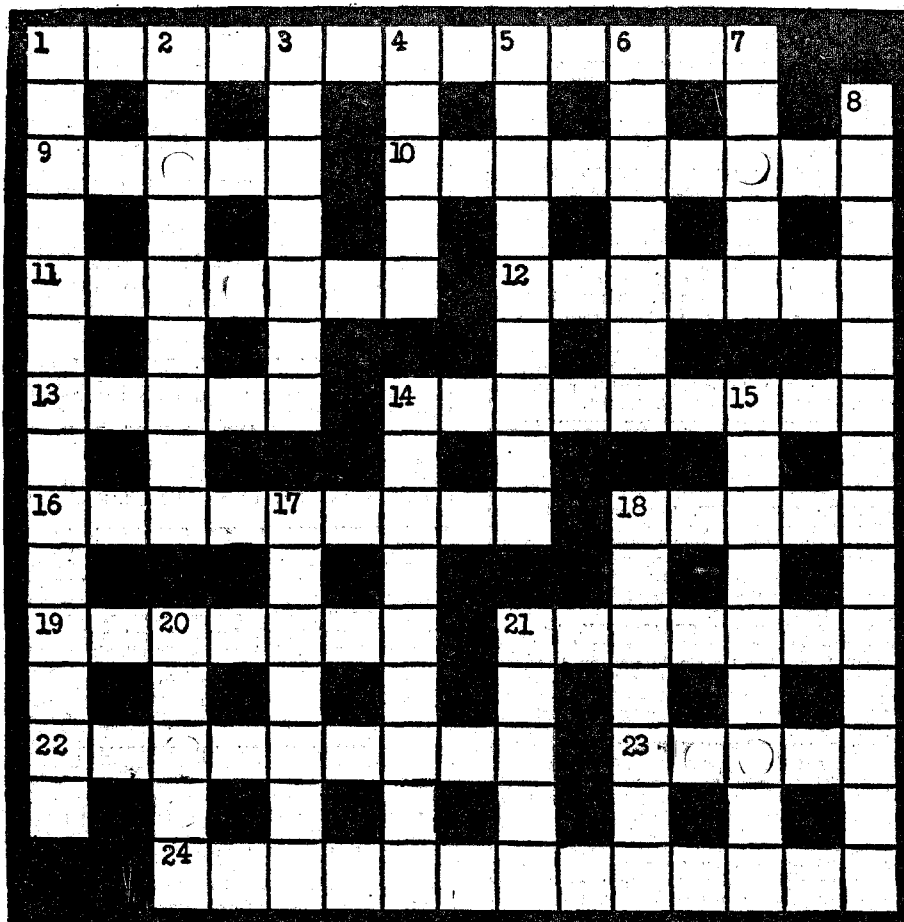
They also serve who only sit and write.

GEORGE CUOMO

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 818

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 But the fight isn't thrown! (7,6)
- 9 Outfit with pique! (5)
- 10 Made personate by Zamenhof. (9)
- 11 Legally to revert the case. (7)
- 12 Improved by putting in the jaws again? (7)
- 13 To set bears on the trail, perhaps. (5)
- 14 By so editing, one can achieve assimilation. (9)
- 16 Sometimes held by those encouraging the movement of some stock. (4,5)
- 18 Heading for an argument, perhaps. (5)
- 19 Might be on the ball, and is better than secure. (7)
- 21 "All the is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream." (J. Caesar) (7)
- 22 Their ruling wouldn't really be popular with a G.I. scholar. (9)
- 23 Maori girl associated with red shoes? (5)
- 24 As a matter of speculation the paydirt? Shake, friend! (13)

DOWN:

- 1 Misdirecting a pedestrian into feeling the route is marked? (14)
- 2 No apex if one does. (9)

- 3 Boxes the skipper follows? (7)
- 4 Lived like Lucy? (5)
- 5 Shoots like father, with a possibly refined upbringing. (9)
- 6 Flourishes. (7)
- 7 Birds of the wilderness. (5)
- 8 Keeping the guests a little longer might be good business! (7,7)
- 14 Rolls with every meal! (6,3)
- 15 The devil with a rigged trial—the judge had better be! (9)
- 17 Substitute for percale? (7)
- 18 Representative of a symbol. (7)
- 20 To indicate by a digit, as a separate item. (5)
- 21 The way net is let into a garment? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 817

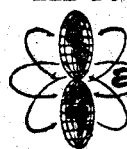
ACROSS: 1 and 5 Costume parties; 9 Netting; 10 Nervous; 11 Spy; 13 Ruling; 15 Plaice; 16 Saintly; 17, 19 and 21 across Postage stamp; 20 Organ stop; 23 Ears; 26 Jaguars; 28 Waylay; 29 Scotch; 30 Was; 32 Arrange; 33 Pilgrim; 34 Halcyon; 35 Resides. DOWN: 1 Cantrip; 2 Settles; 3 Unions; 4 Eggs; 5 Pony; 6 Rarely; 7 Ironing; 8 Sisters; 12 Peninsula; 14 Gangway; 15 Platers; 18 Top; 19 Ape; 21 Towpath; 22 Mayoral; 24 Altered; 25 Schemes; 26 Jaunty; 27 Scales; 30 Wean; 31 Spar.

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